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The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. I. NO. 5. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894. PRICE 5 CENTS.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Elegant Presents for Bishop-Elect Burke.

Prophecy Concerning the Successor of Leo.

Consecration of a Bishop—Special Audiences to be Given the Pilgrims to Lourdes, etc.

The Very Rev. Father Morrissey, president of the University of Notre Dame, is one of the most subtle Latin scholars in the United States.

Rev. Father Muller of Mangolore, India, is meeting with great success in the treating of leprosy by means of the electro-homeopathic system cure.

The order depriving the Archbishop of Lyons, France, of his stipend has been rescinded and the authorities have been instruted to pay arrearages.

The new Bishop of Melanesia, the Right Rev. Cecil Wilson, was consecrated at St. Mary's pro-Cathedral, Wellington, New Zealand, on Monday, June 11, by the acting Primate, Dr. Courie, Bishop of Auckland, Australia.

This month the celebrated Catholic College of Stonyhurst, England, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. The celebration continued for several days, and numbers of distinguished Catholics, priests, bishops and laymen attended.

At St. Joseph's Church, Nashville, on Wednesday, Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrns, the newly appointed Bishop of the diocese of Nashville was consecrated, with very impressive ceremonies. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati conducted the services, and Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne preached the consecration sermon.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of the Mullanphy Hospital in St. Louis, have agreed to undertake the establishment of a Training School for Nurses, both male and female. Suitable persons coming properly recommended will be admitted to the privileges of the school free of charge and expense.

A dispatch from Rome received at the Archbishop's palace, Montreal, states that his Holiness the Pope will grant a special audience in September to French-Canadian pilgrims to Lourdes, The pilgrims left Montreal by the steamship Vancouver on July 21, in charge of the Rev. Canon Racicot.

Right Rev. Bishop John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D.C., has sailed for Europe. He was in New York several days before his departure as a guest of the Paulist fathers, a delegation from whom accompanied him to the pier. The Bishop will visit Rome before his return.

It has just been discovered, says a dispatch from Ogdensburg, N. Y., that Louis Cregul, a patient at the St. Lawrence Hospital for the Insane, is a Catholic priest from France. He has wealthy relatives there. A French abbe has written to the hospital authorities with regard to securing his dismissal from the hospital in order that he may be taken home.

It was thought that the prophecy concerning the successor of the present Pontiff, which declares that the member of the Sacred College in whose coat-of-arms there is an ignis ardens is destined to occupy the chair of St. Peter after the death of Leo XIII., had proved to be false when Cardinal Zigliari died. Strange to say, however, the question has been revived in the person of Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, who was raised to the purple during the last consistory. Taken literally, the Italian word svampare means to extinguish fire, and there is an ignis ardens in his Eminence's coat-of-arms.

Since the announcement of his appointment, Bishop-elect Burke of Albany has received many presents. The episcopal ring used in the consecration ceremonies has been presented by a personal friend. The ring is said to be worth $3000, and contains a sapphire surrounded by a circle of diamonds. Among the presents received are full sets of purple robes, vestments, including dalmatics, lap cloths, albs, chasubles, copes, stoles. miters, etc. There are already in the chests of the Episcopal residence the handsome crosiers, one of which, that already used by the late Bishop McNierny, was left at the Cathedral by the late Cardinal McClosky upon his appointment to the Archbishopric of the Diocese of New York. A handsome silver dinner service has been presented to the Bishop-elect by the trustees of the Cathedral.

OLD IRISH MONKS.

Their Skill in Writing and the Inks They Used.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives.

In the library some cut the sheets of parchment, or even sewed together in the neatest way the odd shreds (for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear). They polished it on one side until it was smooth, and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar thick inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after a thousand years it yet shines as the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the seashore. Then there were black and green and golden inks, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators and the artists in miniature.

All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, often fixed to the end of a pointed stick upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us. They were like the cloth of corduroy, unless cut up or burned up they were bound to last for ages, and are an eloquent symbol of that tenacious love of learning and that unquenchable faith which the hand of Patrick wrote in characters ineradicable on the very soul, in the very blood and innermost marrow of the Irish race.

The handwriting in the ancient Irish books is marvelously beautiful. It is of two kinds, the uncial and the cursive. The latter is a neat running hand, used for quick transcription and for books of common value It is usually faultless, and strikes the eye by the elegance and delicacy of the execution. In the former, which was used for the Scriptures and the mass books, the letters are larger, separate from one another, and the words neately spaced. Every letter is a perfect study. There is a softness of contour and symmetry about them which charm the eye. The swing of the strokes is regular, strong, unswerving, page after page, almost as perfect as the finest capital print and infinitely more artistic. The lines are infalibily equidistant, the letters of even height, the shading alternately gentle and massive, but ever firm and distinct.

The eye rests on these stained parchment pages, the jetsam and flotsam from the shipwreck of an ancient and glorious literature, with infinite pleasure not unmixed with melancholy. They were no ordinary men, who, day after day, wrote with that bold, steady sweep, but men of decision, of clear, positive convictions and nerves of steel. Their souls were of the same hardy temper as those who scoured the Western seas in search of unknown lands, or those who swept up and over the breastworks of Fontenoy and Fredericksburg.

They were only a race of humble scholars, but they transformed the face of society, and they deserve the admiration and gratitude of all who believe that the spirit is greater than matter, man than the beast, the things of the immortal intellect above the perishable things of heart.—Donahoe's Magazine.

SISTER ALOYSE DEAD

Foundress of the College of Notre Dame.

Archbishop Riordan Speaks of Her Worth.

Great Numbers of Mourners Assemble to Witness and Participate in the Services.

Venerable Sister Superior Aloyse of the Cross, head of the College of Notre Dame, on Dolores street, between 16th and 17th, died at an early hour on Saturday morning after a very brief illness. She was taken sick on Friday night, and succumbed to heart disease the next morning. For years the venerable Sister had been a sufferer from the malady, and was therefore fully prepared to meet her God whenever the dread summons should come. A few hours before her death she was in the best of spirits, but just before retiring fainted.

The Sisters of the Convent did all in their power to aid, and immediately sent for Dr. Luke Robinson, but all his skill did not avail, and at 4:20 on Saturday morning the venerable Sister went to meet her Maker, whom she had served so faithfully and so well.

Sister Aloyse was the founder of the San Francisco branch of the order of Notre Dame, having been raised to the dignity of Superioress for that purpose. She was born in England in the year 1833, and at the age of 21 she entered the mother house of the order at Namur, Belgium, where she made her vows. This was on March 28, 1854, and the latter part of that year saw her domiciled in the convent at San Jose. She remained there until 1866, when she was transferred to San Francisco. She was a woman of wonderfully gifted mind, of rare executive ability and high intellectual attainments, and her worth was soon established at the mother house at Namur. The Mother-in-general and her council nominated her as Superioress, and from the day she took charge of the college in the Mission the advancement was noticeable.

Three Sisters came here with her. At first there were few classes. The majority of these, though, were of the higher order of learning. The institution was at that time a day school. Now it boasts of sixty boarders, and there are thirty-seven Sisters needed to fill its requirements.

In the interim between her death and the hour set for the funeral, a constant stream of visitors called at the convent to take a parting look at the dead Superioress and to offer their sympathies to her bereaved associates. Many of them were pupils, both past and present, and each one deeply felt the grief caused by the death of the well-beloved woman. Everything surrounding the bier was plain and simple, the Sisters attached to the house, and others from San Jose, Alameda and other houses of the order being present to assist in the last sad rites.

The funeral took place from the convent chapel on Monday morning. A vast concourse of people were present, filling the chapel of the convent to overflowing. The services began with the celebration of a solemn highmass of requiem at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The casket, which was of dark rosewood, richly ornamented with silver and bearing a plate of the same metal, on which was the name of the deceased and the date of her death, stood directly in front of the altar. Upon it was a golden crucifix and a mass of beautiful flowers. The altar space was draped in white and dark blue, a Maltese cross of the former color outlined upon a drooping curtain of the latter being a prominent feature of the solemn decorations.

His Grace Archbishop Riordan was present and presided at the services. A large number of the local clergy were present and occupied seats within the sanctuary. The front seats were reserved for the Sisters of the order. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father A. Warhizel, Father O'Mahoney officiating as deacon and Father Brennan as sub-deacon. The music, appropriate to the service, was beautifully rendered by a specially selected choir.

A brief sermon was delivered by Archbishop Riordan who spoke in part as follows:

Dear sisters, beloved brothers—It is customary on occasions such as this to speak words of praise and eulogy over the remains of one whose whole life was bound in God and devoted exclusively to God's work. The beloved superior for eight and twenty years presided over this institution of Christian learning. She had under her care and attention many of the people of this city and of this State, and she ever exerted her utmost to do the best she could for those placed under her charge.

We cannot permit her mortal remains to be taken from us without at least getting from this sad occasion the lesson which it suggests. No words can you offer to go to the soul that has passed away. Her life, with its pleasures, its cares, and its many duties, is now closed, and she has been called to give an account of her stewardship before that august tribunal who awaits us all.

As she lived not for the world or the world's pleasures, but for God and God's holy writ, it makes little difference to her whether we speak of her or not. Yet, my dear people, would that when the day of our dissolution comes, we shall be able to announce to the great Savoir of the land and sea, so ample and beneficial an account of our stewardship as the soul departed has been able to give.

Forty years ago this year she came to California. Forty years of unremitting attention to her duties! Forty years of unremitting care and kindnesses to children, living throughout this entire State, entitles her to a grateful remembrance and a prayerful remembrance, now that she has passed away. I do not know any career in life so full of merit as the career of the teacher. Day after day she continues in the same line of humble duty, doing good in all things. Such was the case with our dearly beloved sister.

She was at all times prepared to meet our Heavenly Father. She had a forewarning that the day of her dissolution would not be far distant. Friday, in the morning, she was called to make her last round in this chapel, and next day her soul had passed to meet face to face with her Lord in the kingdom of His own governing.

To the mournful tolling of the bells of Mission Dolores Church the remain were removed to the waiting hearse, and conveyed to Holy Cross Cemetery, where the interment took place. There were a large number of pallbearers, among the best known being John J. McKinnon, John O'Neil, Dr. Luke Robinson, Mr. Massey and James R. Kelly.

Sister Aloyse's successor as Superior at the College will be appointed by the Mother-General of the order, who resides in Belgium. The Chief Superior of this State is Mother Bernardine of San Jose. The appointment will doubtless be made upon her recommendation. Meanwhile, Sister Julia Therese will have charge of the college.

Denominational Schools.

The eleventh official census of the United States shows that 18,210 Catholic teachers are engaged in the denominational schools. They are educating 701,966 children. When it is remembered that Catholics bear the cost of all that is implied by this, besides paying their quota of taxes for the public schools, no more convincing argument can be used of the firm conviction of both clergy and laity that Catholic education will alone satisfy Catholics.

It is interesting to learn from the same source that there are Protestants who are similarly making sacrifices for denominational schools—15,314 teachers are training 383,778 pupils. These belong to the several religious bodies known under the generic term Protestants.

Subscribe for THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, $1.50 per year.

WASHINGTON'S VIEWS.

His Idea of the A. P. A. Secured by Telephone.

He Says to Ignorance Alone is Due Its Spread.

Having Never Told a Lie His Views are Worthy of Reading—The Proper Catholic Attitude.

Hello!
Hello!
Who is it?
George Washington.

The sound came clear and thin, like Tennyson's "horns of elf land faintly blowing." I remained for a few moments in a rapture of excitement and joy at my wonderful discovery, the result of years of experiment with the telephone. At last the problem was solved. I could hold communication with disembodied spirits.

Science has long conjectured that our atmosphere, or a medium similar to it pervades all space. Sir Charles Bell thought that air vibrations carry our words to the remotest star. The investigations of Hemholz established the laws of sound as a mode of motion. A great school of scholastic philosophy maintained the continuance of the sensitive faculties in the disembodied spirit that might exercise themselves without the aid of the material organs of sense. All I needed was to experiment with certain air waves, and who could tell to what length they would go? I chose a windy day and happened to catch a wave that struck the sensorium of the Father of his Country, and I hasten to lay before the readers of "The Times" the results of this wonderful invention, which is destined to open new worlds of thought and knowledge to the modern minds.

What will, however, disappoint the mere curiosity seeker is the fact that the departed are forbid to tell the secrets of their abode. They may discourse freely of the past, but all my attempts to draw out George Washington on the subject of his present status elicited a stern reprimand and the declaration that enough had been revealed to mortals for the practical guidance of life.

It is pleasing to think that the great departed ones have not lost their interest in the affairs of the world. A bond of sympathy still unites them to us. Nor do they tolerate any small talk or irrelevant conversation. The very first question which General Washington put to me was:

"Does any danger threaten the republic?"

Operator. "For some time past," I answered, "a secret society has existed for the purpose of depriving Roman Catholic citizens of their civil and religious rights. In their oath they promise to oppose the election of Catholics to political office, and the whole spirit and tendency of the association, known as the American Protestant Association, is to antagonize everything Catholic."

G. W. Tell them from me that justice and honor require them to drop from their title the words American and Protestant. Such principles are directly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, and if the word Protestant has any affinity to the word Christian, it should not be linked with an uncharitable and persecuting cabal.

O. But they contend that the Roman Catholic Church is opposed to free institutions.

G. W. Before they make the charge they should, in common honesty, examine the authoritative tenets and beliefs of the Catholic Church. No society, as such, can be held responsible for the private opinions of individual members. We must hear what the society itself decrees to be its belief. I know of no article of faith professed by the Catholic Church which condemns a republican form of government or counsels opposition to it. Let the A. P. A. produce a single instance of such condemnation on the part of the Church in general council or ex-cathedra definitions of the Pope, and we may then listen to their warnings. I have been assured on the highest authority that you will search in vain through the decrees of councils and of Popes for such condemnations. We are, therefore, justified in treating as falsehoods or mistakes the statements of the A. P. A. on the subject of the Church's opposition to the republic.

O. A Roman Catholic's first duty is to the Pope, it is said, and how, then, can he be a good American citizen?

G. W. My leisure here has enabled me to pursue my favorite study of history, which, as Thomas Jefferson said to me, was the one in which I chiefly delighted. I give as my settled conviction that an American Catholic will never be a better citizen than when he obeys the Pope. The constant public teaching of the Apostolic See has been thrown upon the side of allegiance to constituted authorities. Even the few cases of Papal interference in civil matters in the middle ages only prove the general rule that the Popes maintained the duty of obeying the government. The Catholic Church is the most conservative institution in the world.

What advice would you give to Catholics in the premises?

G. W. Whilst deprecating the spirit of hatred and animosity, I would counsel a firm resolution on the part of Catholics to assert and maintain their constitutional rights. As a soldier I might be inclined to give too much prominence to a disposition to retaliate upon a band which could be brought to their senses in no other way. But I have had some experience in Statecraft, and I am convinced that nothing is to be gained and everything to be lost by passive endurance of wrong. My countrymen claim to be intelligent. Let Catholics take means of putting before them the exact state of the question. Show America what she owes to men who profess the Catholic religion, as I did in my reply to the address of the Catholics after the revolution. Catholics are too inert, too reliant upon the justice of their cause to take the necessary means of spreading their sentiments. Alas, ignorance is as fertile a cause of evil as malice, at least with regard to the external effects.

O. Why should a Catholic be always on the stand to swear to his good citizenship? Why should he be singled out as a particular object of suspicion?

G. W. The cause must be sought for in the separation of England from the Catholic Church. To be a Catholic was to be an enemy of the crown. A people in one generation may be trained to believe in and act upon a false principle which it will take centuries to eradicate. The laws, the literature, the popular speech of England became impregnated with the hostility of Catholicity. The prejudice was elevated to the dignity of an incontestable principle. No one paused to examine its truth or its justice. Some allowance must, therefore, be made for the average American who cannot take up a school history without reading about the destructive powers of Catholicism upon States and individuals.

The common mind cannot be reached by abstract reasonings. You must give it facts which it can see and touch. One good, practical Catholic is worth a library of controversial books in removing prejudices against his Church. Men do not reason so much as feel.

I remember that there was a strong feeling against the Catholic Church at the time of the outbreak of our Revolution. The patriotic position taken by Rev. Father Carroll and Charles Carroll did more to dissipate that prejudice than any amount of learned controversy. The ready zeal with which Catholics embraced the patriot cause and finally the alliance with France settled the question. Were there any foundation for this pretended hostility of Catholics to the Republic it would have been unmasked long ago, especially in the periods of national trial and calamity. Yet these were precisely the times when Catholics came forward as devoted patriots and defenders of the Union.

O. You have heard no doubt the word "boycott." Can you defend the retaliation implied by the term?

G. W. If you mean that Catholics should properly resent any petty persecution to which the A. P. A. subjects them, I cannot see any moral fault in boycotting as a means productive of a salutary effect. I understand that members of the A. P. A. pledge themselves not to give employment to Catholics, not to patronize their places of business, etc. Such bigots forfeit any claim upon the favor of Catholics beyond the essential injunctions of the moral law forbidding injustice. I am free to buy my goods where I please, and I certainly break no commandment in not buying them at shops that refuse to employ Catholics on no other ground than that they are Catholics.

Begin with the A B C, and there will soon be no more A. P. A's.

Invite all citizens to your churches and schools. Send them your books and journals. Talk with them in a friendly and neighborly way. Let your leading men, your chief prelates, your priests take a proper interest in public affairs as citizens and lovers of their country. Teach the children the lesson of patriotism and the grand truth that all Americans are one in heart and soul for the prosperity of the land and all in it. Educate, educate, educate the people, and the mists of bigotry will dissapear before the sun of intelligence. If bigotry remains it will remain as a crime, as an inexcusable defect in some individual mind.—Philadelphia Times.

FOUR SISTERS PROFESSED.

Solemn Ceremonies at St. Mary's Hospital.

Four young ladies received their final vows in the chapel of St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday morning of last week. Miss Delia Caulfield, Miss Mary Reid, Miss Margaret Flood and Miss Ellen Holland were the names of the ladies who made their profession and became Sisters of Mercy.

In honor of the occasion the chapel was handsomely decorated. His Grace Archbishop Riordan presided and administered the vows. His Grace was assisted by Rev. Fathers Ryan, John Nugent, Larkin, Raggio, and Gannon. The ceremonies were commenced by the entrance of a procession of twenty-four Sisters, preceded by a crossbearer, the choir softly chanting the "Veni Creator." During the greater portion of the ceremonies the postulants knelt at the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

The sprinkling of the veil and ring was followed by the reading of the Gospel, and a sermon by the Archbishop, in which his Grace dwelt upon the beauties of a religious life, giving the Sisters whose profession was about to be completed words of wise counsel. Then came the formal ceremony of taking the vows. Attended by Mother Russell and Sister Mary de Sales, the four postulants knelt inside the sanctuary railing, advancing one by one, and pronouncing the words which made them Sisters of the order. Then followed the signing of the vows, each Sister affixing her name to the document.

After the fastening on of the veil and the chanting of several hymns, the newly professed Sisters retired to the Sisters' choir, where they prostrated themselves, face downward, remaining in this position for some time. Then each was assisted to arise by another sister, and the kiss of peace was given to each one by Mother Russell, who was followed by each of the other sisters. The procession was again formed and all passed out of the chapel.

The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is a new candidate for favor among the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, to whose interests, as its name indicates, it will be faithfully devoted. It is under the editorship of Henry I. Fisher, and it bears evidence of care and ability in preparation. It is gotten up in attractive style, typographically, and gives promise of proving its right to a place in the special field it has entered.—Marysville Appeal.

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SATURDAY - JULY 28, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of July.

July 29—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

All Hallows, South San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, Aug. 4.

29—SUN.—Eleventh after Pentecost—St. Martha.
30—MON.—Sts. Abdon and Sennen, MM. (250)—St. Terence.
31—TUES.—St. Ignatius Loyola, F. (S. J., 1556).
1—WED.—St. Peter in Chains—Seven Machabees (1748).
2—THURS.—St. Alphonsus Ligouri, Bp. D. F. (Redemptorists).
3—FRI.—1st Friday—Finding of St. Stephens Relics (415).
4—SAT.—St. Dominic F. (O. P. 1221).

BIBLE READINGS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A movement is on foot to have extracts from the Bible read in the public schools. Mrs. Ezra A. Cook has sought the opinion of Cardinal Gibbons on the matter. Here is his Eminence's private judgment on the question:

"CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,

"BALTIMORE, MD., June 15, '94.

"MY DEAR MADAM—I beg respectfully to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3d inst., and the accompanying papers which relate to a movement already in progress of securing to the children of the public schools some education in the principles of religion.

"Indeed I think no child ought to be allowed to grow up in ignorance of such principles which are every day demonstrated to be necessary to the well-being not only of individuals, but of society and governments themselves.

"The men and women of our day, who are educated in our public schools, will, I am sure, be much better themselves, and will also be able to transmit to their children an inheritance of true virtue and deep morality, if at school they are brought to the knowledge of Biblical facts and teachings. A judicious selection of Scripture readings, appropriate presentation of the various Scripture incidents, meditation or reflection on the passages read and scenes presented, cannot but contribute, in my opinion, to the better education of the children of our public schools and thus exercise a healthy influence on society at large—since truest principles of morality and religion will be silently instilled while instruction is imparted in branches of human knowledge.

"Faithfully yours in Christ,

"J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

"Mrs. Ezra A. Cook, Chicago."

THE CHURCH AND CREMATION.

An important decision of the Holy Office, bearing date July 27, 1892, has just been made public in Germany, in the archdiocese of Freiburg. On the very commendable and plausible ground of the public health, it has been urged that the dead be cremated instead of being buried. Every effort with but little result has been made to revive this pagan custom. The promoters and propogaters of the practice are in larger number anti-Catholic and even anti-religious. The church instinct with love of souls and the infallible guardian of the faith once delivered to the saints, feels that cremation is, and has been, regarded as a tacit denial of belief in a future life. By decree of May 19, 1886, Catholics are prohibited to practice it in the disposal of their Christian dead. The decision now made known does not allow any formal co-operation in cremating whether by direction or advice. Nor can the last sacraments be administered to those who after due warning give orders to be cremated after death. And for those whose bodies, even without their consent, have been cremated, Holy Mass cannot be publicly offered for the repose of their souls, though such may be done privately. The church thus wisely condemns completely the use of cremation among Christians. Our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost. To cleanse the soul from sin it is the body that is washed in baptism; to make the soul a strong, perfect Christian, the body is annointed in confirmation; to feed and nourish the soul the Son of God rests under the sacramental species on the tongue; to fit us for the journey from earth, the senses of the body are separately annointed; it is the hands and head consecrated with holy oil that make the priests for ever according to the order of Melchisidec. We treat with special veneration the bodies of those heroes who have fonght the good fight, whose names are inscribed in the glorious roll of canonized saints. To us, then, the pagan practice of incineration is an abomination.

THE STRIKE.

Capital and labor have their respective rights and duties. To uphold these the commandments of God must not be broken. In the strike we have just passed through the moment the representatives of labor began destroying the property of capital, and ignoring the supreme power of the Government, that moment the law of God was violated, and before any redress could be given to the strikers, law and order had to be upheld. This the Federal Government has done by its gentle but firm action.

Legitimate authority having been asserted and proved supreme, the grievances which were made the reason for the strike should receive due consideration. Seeds of discontent and disorder have been sown that sooner or later must produce a crop of tares. Nolens volens, many of our people have been driven into the strike. It is therefore of gravest import that they should be well instructed. The Encyclical on Capital and Labor of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, happily reigning, should become a household book for them at present. Indeed, we can say this for all workmen whether or not members of our church. It would be an invaluable service to have the said Encyclique published in cheapest form for distribution.

JUDGING from the stories circulating in the town of Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, that town must be a veritable hot-bed of bigotry. A short distance from Eureka is located Mount St. Joseph's Seminary, a place primarily intended for the education of priests for the Sacramento diocese. There are also a number of scholars there. Eureka was at one time filled with stories about the seminary being a veritable arsenal. Powder and shot were said to be concealed in corn and tomato cans, rifles in soap boxes, nitro-glycerine in syrup cans, etc., etc. A Protestant student at the seminary was given as authority for the story. It happens that there is a young man, a Protestant, there, in fact the only non-Catholic, and he has come out in a card, over his signature, Fred Mobley, in which he denies the story and incidentally scores those who give it credence. There is a very active anti-Catholic element in Eureka, and no exaggeration is too great for them to put forth against Catholics. This element has recently had its courage screwed up to the lying point by a mendacious preacher from this city, so tales that would outrival Munchausen may be looked for. The Catholics of Eureka would do well to treat them with contemptuous silence.

THE millennium is apparently at hand. The great strike is apparently "off," and the tariff question gives promise of being quickly settled. What more could man want in the brief space of a week?

SELECTIONS

WAS A TRULY PIOUS MAN.

Parson Goodfriend's Wrestle With and Triumph Over Satan and Sunday Sap.

She was from the country, but she didn't intend to take back water on anything on that account if she could help it. Piety was the subject of discussion, and Sister Jane, who lived in a town that made some pretensions to being considered a city, had been expatiating on the immaculate righteousness of Parson Jenkins. Sister Melinda bided her time until her innings came round, and then she took the floor.

"I don't mind allowin," she said, "that Parson Jenkins is a powerful religious man, but when it comes to downrigh wrestlin with satan an resistin his wiles an temptations, why, I stan right up in meetin an say that our Parson Goodfriend can't be beat by no man. He don't run a soup kitchen, 'cus we don't have no use for such things down our way, an he don't go slummin, 'cus we ain't got no slums, but he's always ready for a tussle with the adversary, no matter how many snares an pitfalls he sets for his feet. You know, he keeps a maple grove onto his little place, an he sets a powerful store by 'em. Well, it hadn't been very good sugarin weather at the time I'm speakin of it. It had been freezin considerable nighttimes, but it hadn't thawed out any daytimes, an the sap hadn't a good chance to run. But Parson Goodfriend wuz allers a great han fer takin time by the forelock, so he got his holes bored, an his spouts druv in, an his buckets set so as to have everything ready to take advantage of the right sort of weather when it came along. Well, he done that on Wednesday, an them trees of his never dripped a drop on Thursday, nor on Friday, nor on Saturday, but on Sunday the sun shone out powerful warm, an everything was thawin. An when he went to look at his trees on Monday mornin—'cus, of course, he wouldn't let himself think of them even on Sunday—he found that his sap troughs and buckets wuz just brimful. Then what do you think he done?"

"Why, I suppose he did what any other man would have done," replied Sister Jane. "He took the sap away to make maple sugar out of it."

"Yes, that's what Parson Jenkins would 'a' done, no doubt," said Sister Melinda triumphantly, "an it just proves what I'm tellin these facts for—there ain't no more pious man livin than our Parson Goodfriend. No, he didn't shout for joy an take that sap away, but he just flopped down on his knees right then an there, an he says—it was my own cous'n what heard him—'Get thee behind me, satan; you can't tempt me with any Lord's day sap.' An then he riz up an emptied every drop of the stuff onto the ground, an next Sunday he preached the most convincin sermon I ever heard on the wiles of the evil one."—New York Advertiser.

Cremation In Boston.

Cremation has become an accepted institution in Boston. The records of the Massachusetts Cremation society, whose crematory is near the Forest Hills cemetery, show that up to June 1—that is, five months since the opening of the crematory—there have been 40 incinerations, the number constantly increasing each month. In May there were 16 in all. Socially considered, all classes of people have been represented in this new mode of disposing of the dead here, and all ages, from 94 to 5 years, figure in the official entries of cremations. The system is a perfect success, and the average time required for the complete reduction of the body to ashes is about 1½ hours.—Boston Transcript.

The Anarchists and the Lords.

The entire opposition press condemns Lord Salisbury for his bill and speech in favor of reviving the power of expulsion of aliens for use against the anarchists. The sober people of both parties, however, regard Lord Rosebery's reply as bombastic and theatrical rather than sound in fact and theory. Everybody believes, in spite of the prime minister's sweeping denial, that many anarchist outrages are plotted in London. Lord Salisbury told the simple unwelcome truth, and his bill was not attacked on that ground. No progress yet has been made, however, toward any practical scheme for the international crushing of the anarchist.—London Letter.

All Wiman Had Left.

Mr. Wiman was in a jovial mood when his bail bond for $30,000 was signed by Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss. Just before leaving the district attorney's office Mr. Rouss asked Mr. Wiman if he had any money.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Wiman, digging down into his vest pocket. "Yes, I've still got this," he exclaimed, suddenly pulling out a $2 bill.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Rouss.

"I guess that's all that's left," replied Mr. Wiman, with a faint smile, "although I may have a few dollars more in my valise."

The men then left the building.—New York Dispatch.

The New Lord Chief Justice.

The new lord chief justice, who has just taken his seat, makes a striking figure on the bench, says a London correspondent. Clad in a new white wig and a bright gray gown, he is the personification of dignity. He has taken with him to the bench the famous snuff-box to which he frequently resorted when torturing some poor victim on cross examination and the immense bandanna which he often waved as a flag of triumph on the legal battlefield. He has been much more attentive and quiet during the cases thus far heard than many of his judicial associates.

Fighting a Water Hose Duel.

The hot weather duel in the alley was a wet circus. Two groups of newsboys got hold of two lines of hose and tackled each other with the streams. As fast as one fellow was drowned out another fellow took the butt. There was no wild squirting done. Each fellow that held the hose had to take it. Tenderfoot Dick held out well, but getting it in his face he stooped forward and turned his face sideways. This gave Swipsey a good chance to direct his stream so as to make the water pour down Tenderfoot's back inside his shirt until it filled his pants, when Tenderfoot shuddered and let go. Small Smith grabbed his stream and took Swipsey between the eyes. And so they changed from one to another until nearly the whole crew was as wet as rats in a sewer, hair sticking out endways and shirts and pants clinging to the little bodies. It was a well fought duel, and they had only to stand in the sun a few minutes to get dry again, as the day was an especially warm one.—Detroit News.

New Fad In Diet.

Vegetarians are outdone by a new diet reform prophet, who advocates the eating of natural uncooked foods. His name is Macdonald, and he seems to have gained a small number of adherents in Paris. It is a part of the system he advocates never to eat or drink anything but vegetable foods and natural liquids precisely in the state in which they are found in nature. Hot drinks of all kinds are specially condemned, although it is not quite easy to see how the use of water from natural hot springs would run counter to the principle laid down. Carrots and turnips, beans and potatoes, we must eat raw, it seems, if we value our health, and fruit we must eat just as nature gives it to us. Whether this means that we must not peel an apple is not stated. Mr. Macdonald himself eats raw oatmeal (not oats), which, as a Scotchman, he thinks not only extremely nourishing, but palatable as well.—London Daily News.

A Dramatic Scene.

A dramatic but solemn scene was witnessed at the dedication of a church in Utica, N. Y., a short time ago. Deacon John Schermerhorn, 77 years old, had taken great interest in raising funds for building the new edifice. He was one of the trustees of the church, and at the close of the services the pastor urged him to make a few remarks. He sang two verses of a hymn and closed thus: "I have prayed for this place a great many times. Now I see my prayer answered. Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace. Lord, Jesus, you kown it is all right between thee and me." As he finished the sentence Mr. Schermerhorn dropped and immediately expired. Of course there was intense excitement in the congregation over this remarkable answer to prayer for release from life.

Blue Back Salmon For Canning.

The run of blue back salmon in the Columbia this season is almost unprecedented. One cannery down the river, where they are packing in large quantities, became overstocked recently, and 18½ tons of spoiled fish had to be thrown away. The run of chinook is only fair and not up to former years. In former times blue backs were never recognized as fish fit for the table, and fishermen, when they caught them in their nets, usually threw them back into the stream. Now the blue back is a staple product of the cannery.—Portland Oregonian.

A Mosquito Yarn.

The biggest mosquito story of the season comes from a Maine man who says that when he approached his summer cottage the other day he noticed, or he thought he did, that somebody had taken the liberty of painting his door over, but before he had found words suitable for the occasion his wrath turned to dismay on discovering that the change of color was due to the mosquitoes, who were waiting for him to come and let them in.—Lewiston Journal.

Translation Under Difficulties.

An interesting piece of translation is that of the Russian liturgy into the dilect of the Yakuts of northeastern Siberia, which has just been accomplished by some Russian scholars. The language of the Yakuts is so poor that it can only reckon a total of 200 root words. They have no word for "body" as distinguished from "flesh" and none for "bread." The Lord's Prayer even could not be translated literally.

Convenience In France.

The Paris-Lyons railway has just adopted a trifling innovation which American railroads might copy. They have established telegraph boards at the principal stations on which dispatches for passengers or for persons awaiting the arrival of passengers are posted. A traveler who misses a train can wire, in the care of the station master, to the person awaiting his arrival at his destination.

A Presbyterian Administration.

This is a Presbyterian administration. The Lamonts, Stevensons, Greshams and Smiths go to Rev. Dr. Bartlett's church on New York avenue. The Thurbers go with the Clevelands to Dr. Sunderland's on Four and a Half street. The Lamonts are particularly rigid Calvinists. Nevertheless the secretary of war himself does not go to church from one year's end to the other.—Washington Letter.

Scissors Grinder on a Bicycle.

A novel sight here just now is a scissors grinder who has all the machinery required in his line of business fastened to the handle bars of a bicycle. This enterprising grinder goes from town to town on his wheel, stopping at farmhouses along the route to sharpen knives and scissors, and he does no little amount of business along the way and in each town.—Saratoga Dispatch.

FUNERAL EXTORTION CHECKED.

The Dying Request of the Departed Fulfilled by an Economical Widow.

A committee representing a fraternal organization having been notified of the death of a member waited on his widow, residing in a Boston suburb, to make arrangements for the funeral.

It was a hard experience for the committee.

The widow believed in simplicity and had no liking for ceremony or ostentation of any sort. She informed the committee that its services were not required, and that she would attend to the burial without the assistance of any one save the undertaker.

"You might make yourselves useful," she said, "by sending one here at once."

Her visitors were next requested to depart and in not the most ceremonious fashion.

They left and found excuses for their reception in the extreme age of the woman, whose years numbered fourscore and more. They accepted her hint and sent the undertaker, who arrived in due time. To him she soon made her wishes known. His suggestion of a casket brought out a storm of wrothy remarks anent reckless extravagance. A simple wooden box she declared good enough and an outlay of $5 the limit of the expenditure.

The undertaker was petrified with astonishment. It took him some time to recover his composure, but he finally spunked up courage enough to suggest the necessity of carriages for the mourners. He was informed that carriages would be entirely unnecessary, and the idea of having a hearse was not especially to the widow's liking. After much persuasion, however, she consented to the provision of a hearse and one carriage and agreed to settle for the services of a minister.

Her lamented spouse was interred in the family lot, with his wife and companion of many years as the sole mourner.

"That woman," said the undertaker, "was the greatest freak I ever struck in an experience with all kinds of people during a number of years in the business. She had plenty of means and was not regarded as a penurious person. She seemed to be filled with the idea that all those in any way professionally concerned with the burial of the dead were extortionists, pure and simple. Her husband, she said, had warned her, and she followed his wishes in circumventing any unwarrantable outlay for the interment."—Boston Herald.

Fooled the Landlord.

"Perhaps you would like to be landlord of a flat," said the man who had been talking real estate, "and think you had obtained desirable tenants and were hugging yourself over the delightful knowledge that whatever other landlords had to endure there would be no children in your flats. I rented to a couple, and as usual asked if the family consisted of adults only.

"'Oh, yes,' chirped the young woman, 'and we don't want any children in the building—that is why we are willing to pay you your price.'

"The man didn't say anything, but I thought he looked queer.

"'Any boarders?' I asked.

"'Hardly,' said she, 'in a six room flat.'

"Still I thought there was something back of it.

"'Pets?'

"'No; neither dog, cat, canary nor parrot.'

"They took the flat, and her widowed sister came from Nebraska with five boys to visit them. That was a year ago, and they are visiting them yet, and in consequence all the other flats remain empty. A tornado would be silence compared to the racket those boys make."—Detroit Free Press.

Collection of Pitchers.

A novel collection is that belonging to Mrs. Martin, wife of ex-Senator Martin of Newark. Mrs. Martin has been collecting pitchers about eight years. She has 500 now, and in all the great company there are but two duplicates. Some of the tiniest in this pitcher family are the most valuable. Mrs. Martin has one scarcely one inch tall of gold, with six jewels set in a circle on the outside. This is the most valuable, so far as money is concerned, in the collection, although there is one made of $3,000 worth of bank notes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not His Vocation.

Editor (to graduate who applies to write leaders)—Have you done much descriptive work?

Graduate—Oh, yes, lots of it.

Editor—Well, then get out to Lonesomeville and give us a good column of that dog fight.

Graduate—But you forget, sir, I am a bachelor of arts.

Editor—That's nothing. Our sporting editor is a doctor of laws, and every member of his staff is at least a doctor of divinity. You have mistaken your vocation. Good day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Willing to Oblige.

Impatient Passenger—Conductor, is this omnibus going on?

Conductor—Well, sir, if you asks me, I should say it was standin still. But I'll inquire of the driver.—London Tit-Bits.

Demanding His Rights.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "have you any counsel?"

"I haven't, your honor," answered the man on trial for stealing a ham. "I haven't got any money."

"Then the court will appoint Mr. Leggy to defend you."

The prisoner looked at the skinny, squint eyed, stoop shouldered pettifogger pointed out by the court and rose to enter a protest.

"Judge," he said, "I'm entitled, accordin to law, to a trial by a jury of my peers, ain't I?"

"You are," replied the court.

"Then, your honor," rejoined the prisoner, drawing a shiny coat sleeve across his nose, "I think I ort to have a lawyer of the same kind."—Chicago Tribune.

A Miss.

I.

II.

—Fliegende Blatter.

Spelling Her Strong Point.

"How's little Celia getting on at school?" inquired a visitor of Mrs. Murphy. "Is she making progress with her studies?"

"Faith, mum, an she is, thin," responded Mrs. Murphy, with her arms akimbo. "The way thot choild skips ahead jist beats all, mum. Now, there's spelling—'twas only last noight her fayther was afther wroitin a letter to the man he's goin to wurrk for next week, an he says to Cely, says he, 'How do you spell ayther?' says he, 'Is it a-y-t-h-e-r, or is it a-y-t-h-u-r?'

"An Cely, she says, 'Wait till Oi git me book, fayther, for it's meself is away past thim little wurrds, over amoongst the foor an five syl'bles,' says she.

"An she brought her book an showed her fayther an me where she was studyin the noight, an, thruly, there she was at page siventy-wan, an all the little wurrds way behind her.

"Oi misthrust mebbe spellin is her sthrong p'int," said Mrs. Murphy, modestly. "Av course it w'u'dn't be in nater for the choild to go l'aping along loike that wid all her studies. It was aboove half an hour, mum, before she an her fayther found the wurrd they was huntin for, way back among the first twinty pages, mum. An there was our little Cely studyin at page siventy-wan!"—Boston Journal.

Time to Stop.

Under the machinery of the law as at present administered a lawyer has great advantages over a witness. Recognition of this fact is probably the reason why people always enjoy seeing a witness get the better of his examiner.

An exchange reports a case in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the lawyer.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, be careful. Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it finally. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed."—Youth's Companion.

Intensely Occupied.

"Don't bothah me, please," said Chawles to a friend who had addressed him. "I cawn't answer any questions. Weally I'm getting bwain fag as it is."

"What's the matter?"

"My, doctah awsked me yesterday how many cigawettes I smoked in a day, and I'm busy counting them for him."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Fooled.

Domestic—Where shall I take this prescription, mum?

Mrs. Sharpeye—Anywhere except to Pillbox & Co.'s. Their goods are not fresh. I bought a postage stamp of them yesterday, and it was last year's issue.—New York Weekly.

At the Colored Poker Club Ball.

Master of Ceremonies—Whar am yonah escort, Miss Snowball?

Miss Snowball—He am gone home, but I specks him back every minute. He dun forget his razor.—New York Press.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

"Many men have been taken for somebody else of prominence, but I doubt if any one but myself can boast of having been mistaken for the angel Gabriel," said Senator Palmer. "It was this way: While I was military governor of Kentucky a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was in another. There was no train, no saddle horse, no buggy or carriage. The only sort of vehicle available was a big gilded circus chariot left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else, and in I got. I cut a great dash as I drove through the small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind and reached the plantations, the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me, keeping at some distance, for they had never seen such a splendid vehicle. They kept on till after awhile they were joined by an old white haired preacher, who, on seeing me and my gilded chariot, raised his arms on high and his eyes, too, and with a voice that stirred all within hearing cried:

"'Bress de Lord, de day ob judgment am cum, an dis gen'l'man am de angel Gabriel hisself. Brefren, down on yo' knees an pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar.'"—Chicago Post.

Serious Business.

The following description of a Boer writing his name is quoted from Mr. Montague's "Tales of a Nomad." It is not impossible that some readers, even in the United States, may recognize the picture:

In the old days the Boer seldom used his pen, and when he did there was a regular commotion in the house.

"Hush! Be quiet, all of you. Drive out the ducks, and the geese, and the pigs, and the fowls. Father is going to write his name."

And then the old gentleman, with elbows squared on the table, would seize the pen, with a flourish, and putting on a determined look, as if he were going to tackle an adversary, would bend down his head till it nearly touched his left arm, write his name, with many a splutter, and then, throwing down the pen and pushing back the chair, would look round with an air of mingled pride and resignation and say:

"I have done it."—Youth's Companion.

Conjugal Scene.

Madame gives it her husband hot and strong. He has no consideration for her; he refuses her everything; he is attentive and kind to everybody else. At last, when wound up to the highest pitch of exasperation, she cries:

"Yes, you actually prefer your animals to me. Look, only last week, when Loulou died, you had her stuffed."

"But, my dear girl"——

"There is no 'but' in the case. I am positive you would not have done as much for me."—L'Almanach des Agriculteurs.

Woman's Severe Practicality.

"Is it true that they weigh the anchor every time the ship leaves port?" said Mrs. Trotter to her husband.

"Yes."

"Dear me. How very unnecessary! Why don't they make a memorandum of its weight?"—Exchange.

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THE PUZZLER

No. 185.—A Patriotic Acrostic.

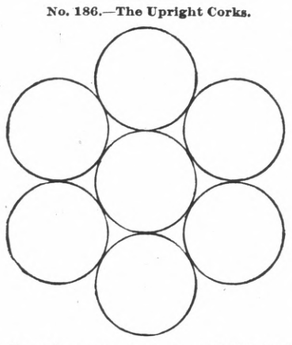
—luttering flags and the cannon's roar
—ver the land from shore to shore
—sher the dawn, and the bells betimes
—ing it in with their merriest chimes.
—his is our Independence day!
"—urrah for freedom!" the echoes say.

—ver and over again shall be
—reedom saluted with "three times three!"

—ubilant cheers shall rise and ring,
"—nion forever!" while children sing.
—oyally marching up and down,
"—ankee Doodle has come to town:"

Supply the letters indicated by dashes.

No. 186.—The Upright Corks.



To make sure of success with this trick seven cylindrical corks of the same length and diameter should be procured. It will often succeed if seven good sound claret corks are chosen and shaved to fit pretty closely. The corks are to be placed together as shown by the diagram. If they are all the same diameter, they will fit exactly. The corks placed together are to be grasped perpendicularly with the fingers of one hand and while thus kept together are to be immersed in water until they are thoroughly wet all over. They are then to be brought gently about half way above the surface of the water and let go. If this operation is dexterously performed, the corks will hold together and will float with their long axes perpendicular to the surface of the water. If the corks are placed separately in the water, they will of course float with their long axes horizontal to the surface.

No. 187.—Rhomboids.

Across: 1. A city in Europe. 2. A city in Europe. 3. A city in Europe. 4. To disjoin. A small three masted vessel.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A spirit. 4. A membrane. 5. Flint. 6. A hub. 7. The nose. 8. A note in music. 9. letter.

Across: 1. A river mentioned in ancient history. 2. Day of nativity. 3. Unusual. 4. In no degree. 5. A salt used in the arts.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. Prohibition. 4. A college in Europe. 5. Rapacity. 6. A Jewish name. 7. To suffer. 8. A musical note. 9. A letter.

No. 188.—A Complete Change.

Young Mrs. Penelez had but little appetite for her breakfast. Her husband noticed that she did little but stir her coffee and pretend to sip it occasionally. He knew she had something on her mind, and just as he was about to leave the table she suddenly said, as if she had just thought of it, "Oh, don't you think you could let me have $15 to buy me a new dress?" "Couldn't possibly, Penelope," answered her husband. After he had gone she looked over her wardrobe to see what could be done. As she took down a comfortable house dress she resolved to make it over for her best one, and she went to work upon it that very day. When it was done, she found to her dismay that it was a small carriage instead of a dress.

No. 189.—Hidden Proverb.

By taking one word (sometimes hidden) from each sentence and reading downward, a familiar proverb may be found.

1. Tom is the eldest, May the youngest, and I come between them.
2. Look at those two dogs fighting.
3. The gardener's tools are in the summer house.
4. Sydney ought not to do that work.
5. The old man made his will.
6. There was a heavy fall of snow last night.
7. She is going to visit her aunt.
8. He gave a cake to the child.
9. The grocer ground his coffee very badly.

No. 190.—Central Deletions.

1. Delete a hut and leave a Biblical character.
2. To exclude and leave precious.
3. To stuff and leave to oppose.
4. Speed and leave enmity.
5. Smallest and leave a conjunction.

A Tongue Twister.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where is the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 178.—Missing Letter Puzzle:

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
There came a big spider and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

No. 179.—Double Acrostic:

A	N T O N **Y**
N	E S T O **R**
C	I C E R **O**
I	N S E C **T**
E	P I R U **S**
N	E R V I **I**
T	E B E T **H**

No. 180.—Geographical Letter:

MY DEAR ELIZABETH—It seems such a long time since I wrote to you. I am writing an essay on the slave trade. Charles and I went for a long walk the other day. We went to see an old blind man. He had a lovely cat. As we came back there were some cows in a field which frightened us very much, so we had to go through a gap in the hedge. The other day we saw some curious old shields which belonged to Henry IV. I hope all your family are quite well. With love, I am your loving friend, AUGUSTA NEWTON.

No. 181.—An Old Saying Illustrated: 'Tis too late to spare when the bottom is bare.

No. 182.—A Wheel Puzzle: 1. Vain. 2. Iron. 3. Cain. 4. Tern. 5. Oven. 6. Roan. 7. Ivan. 8. Aden.

No. 183.—Numerical Enigma: Inferno.

No. 184.—Incomplete Proverbs: 1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. 2. Birds of a feather flock together. 3. Don't halloo till you are out of the wood. 4. Fine feathers make fine birds. 5. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 6. If you want a thing done, do it yourself.

Why He Bought.

A gentleman in business in Washington happened to have something to transact with the rather youthful chief of a division and was treated to a display of almost regal arrogance by the official. The poor, humble civilian was telling some friends about his experience.

"If he had been the Akhood of Swat," he said, "and I the lowliest of his subjects, he couldn't have been more awful and mighty. He reminded me of a story I once heard about a young man who lived down in Mississippi before the war. He was not very well off in worldly goods, but made up in assumption what he lacked in solidity. A neighbor of his happened to become bankrupt and was forced to sell all his property at auction. Among his possessions was an ancient and decrepit darky, who could barely walk. He was bent and misshapen, and local gossip put him down as being over a hundred years old. The auctioneer put him up as one of the chattels when all the rest of the articles were disposed of, and the young man I spoke of bid the old creature in for a dollar. The former owner couldn't understand the fellow's reason for buying the darky and approached the auctioneer.

"'Say, Tom,' he queried, 'I wonder what made young Jones buy old Dick?'

"'Pshaw,' answered the auctioneer, 'that's easy to tell. Jones was just dying to hear somebody call him marster.'"—Washington Star.

Phenomenal Luck.

The chat man heard a story which demonstrates the accuracy of the old adage, "It's better to be born lucky than with a silver spoon." Some six years ago a boy from the Canadian side of the lake came to Rochester to reside. He secured a position in a dry goods store and worked faithfully for two years. The boy had ambition, and so he left the city and located in New York. He continued to work as a dry goods clerk, but while so doing made a large number of friends, some of them who knew the drift of the Stock Exchange. He got a tip one day, and by a little transaction cleared $10,000. He speculated again and won $36,000. He pursued the market and in the course of a year had made in actual profit something over $120,000. He then branched out and invested in various enterprises, and it seemed that everything he touched turned into gold. In the four years that he has operated he has been able to net something like $750,000. He has a magnificent mansion on Riverside, New York. He drives a team of spanking horses and lives like a prince. The gentleman referred to is only 27 years old now.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Gravitation Defied.

While it is usually conceded that puns belong to "the lowest order of wit" there have been puns which can hardly be classified in this way. One of these is said to have been made by Jeffrey Keller, an Irish lawyer who was more noted for his wit than for eminence in his chosen profession.

A lawyer of the name of Mayne, who was a highly respected but decidedly heavy person, had risen to a judgeship, while Keller, who had entered on his legal career at about the same time with Mayne, was still much in want of clients and fees.

He was in a courtroom one day when Mayne was solemnly presiding, and he turned to a friend who sat beside him and plucked at his sleeve.

"See there!" he whispered. "There sits Mayne, risen by his gravity, and here sits Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that, I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself.

Do not take cold; guard yourself against it; if you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.—New York Dispatch.

Superstition In Calcutta.

The grossest superstition exists in Calcutta. Recently an Indian gentleman, residing in Jaun Bazar street, had a live goat flung down from his two storied house in accordance with the directions of a so called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras, and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed, and its flesh was distributed to the poor.—Indianapolis News.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 16 uncles, 57 cousins and 58 nephews and nieces.

Senator Walsh of Georgia is doing everything in his power to enlist general interest in the Atlanta exposition of 1895.

General G. W. Custis Lee has presented to the Washington and Lee university the piano that belonged to his father, General Robert E. Lee.

Mr. White of Greenwood county, Kan., has a daughter named Snow. That is as bad as Mr. Button of Fort Scott, who has a daughter named Pearl.

William R. Smith, superintendent of the botanical gardens of Washington, has, it is said, directed the planting of over 6,000,000 trees in the United States.

"To meet my son-in-law, the earl," is the very high and lofty reading on the notes of invitation received by the Bradley-Martin contingent who receive invitations to house parties at Balmacan.

Miss Sophie A. Nordhoff, a former student of medicine at Washington, according to foreign papers, has been appointed a physician at the famous woman's clinic of Professor von Winkel in Munich.

Jean Jacques Sebatier, aged 102; Victor Baillod and Jean Bousset, each 101, and Joseph Rose, aged 100, are believed by a French newspaper that has made the inquiry to be the only survivors of Napoleon's grand army.

Mrs. Mary Greene, who celebrated her one hundred and second birthday a few days ago at Swampton, R. I., has lived for over 75 years in her present home, which is within two miles of the house in which she was born.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis of Meriden, Conn., is said to have one of the finest libraries in the state of Connecticut. Dr. Davis is the editor of Biblia, a monthly journal of Biblical and archæological literature, and a joint editor of Ancient Egypt.

Lady and Lord Terence Blackwood have an income of only about $15,000—not a large sum for milord and milady. The great part of this comes from the settlement made upon his daughter by Mr. Davis, as Lord Terence had only about $1,500 a year of his own.

BOOKMAKING.

Types for the Greek alphabet were first cast by Aldus in 1476.

The first Bible printed with a date was finished by Faust in 1462.

Tpyesetting machines were suggested for book work as early as 1842.

Vellum first came into use as a material for bookbinding about 1510.

The library of Gottingen has a Bible written on palm leaves. There are 5,373 pages, each made of a single leaf.

Earthenware bricks or tiles with characters engraved or stamped on them were undoubtedly the first books.

The first known example of bookbinding in boards in the modern style was a Latin psalter in the ninth century.

Some of the early printed books, in order to imitate manuscripts, had the initials and borders painted by hand.

Roman books were often composed of a number of pages of wood strung together with a cord passed through a hole in the corner of each block.

Parchment was in occasional use from the earliest times, came into general use about 200 B. C., and continued until the invention of printing.

All the English kings, from Henry I to Edward VI, took the coronation oath on a manuscript copy of the four evangelists bound in oak boards an inch thick. This book was made in 1100.

Book sewing machines, to do the work of fastening together the sheets of which a book is composed, were introduced in 1872. Before that time all books were sewed by hand. The book sewing machine reduced the cost about one-half.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Double skirts are seen on some of the new costumes.

New parasols are made of insertion and silk, with very full ruffles.

Elbow sleeves are growing more popular, and we are threatened with a visitation of the short sleeve mania.

Striped flannel is used for bathing suits, and plain flannel in white, blue or red is trimmed with very wide white braid.

A striking costume is made of putty colored cloth. The skirt is cut in little buttonhole slits, and cardinal or ruby velvet is threaded in and out.

Large buttons are worn if one fancies them. Indeed one may wear almost anything that suits one's particular figure or face, provided it is natty, stylish and becoming.

Pointed waists are growing in favor, and many of them have soft folds of the material or of some contrasting fabric around the lower edge of the bodice, with a bow, buckle or rosette to finish the point in front.

The figaro jacket of embroidery or lace is worn with dresses of all sorts. A modification of this style, which really amounts to a trimming, shows the jacket fronts with sections of the material merely meeting over the shoulders.

Bathing costumes occupy the attention of many of the fashionables. A novelty is made of bright red serge, with sleeves and waist trimmed with white. A white sash with embroidered and fringed ends is knotted about the waist.—New York Ledger.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POEM.

When and Where It Was Written, With the Facts Concerning It.

The first true English poem is the work of Cædmon and is from Northumbria (Northumbria, it should be remembered, meant formerly the whole of England north of the Humber, and it extended beyond the Scottish border), says an English authority. The story of it, as told by Bede, proves that the making of songs was common at the time. Cædmon was a servant to the monastery of Hild, an abbess of royal blood, at Whitby, in Yorkshire. He was somewhat aged when the gift of song came to him, and he knew nothing of the art of verse, so that at the feasts when, for the sake of mirth, all sang in turn he left the table.

One night, having done so, and gone to the stables, for he had the care of the cattle, he fell asleep, and one came to him in a vision and said, "Cædmon, sing me a song." And he answered, "I cannot sing; for this cause I left the feast and came hither!" Then said the other, "However, you shall sing!" "What shall I sing?" he replied. "Sing the beginning of created things!" answered the other. Whereupon he began to sing verse to the praise of God, and, awakening, remembered what he had sung and added more in verse worthy of God.

In the morning he came to the steward and told him of the gift he had received, and being brought to Hild was ordered to tell his dream before learned men, that they might give judgment whence his verses came And when they had heard they all said that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord.

The verse of the first poet is not without the stormy note of the scenery among which it was written. In it also the old, fierce war element is felt when Cædmon comes to sing the wrath of the rebel angels with God, and the overthrow of Pharaoh's host and the lines repeating, as was the old English way, the thought a second time fall like stroke on stroke in battle. But the poem is religious throughout—Christianity speaks in it simply, sternly, with fire, and brings with it a new world of spiritual romance and feeling. The subjects of the poem were taken from the Bible—in fact, Cædomn paraphrased the history of the Old and the New Testaments. He sang the creation of the world, the history of Israel, the book of Daniel, the whole story of the life of Christ, future judgment, purgatory, hell and heaven. All who heard it thought it divinely given.

"Others after him," said Bede, "tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God." It was thus that English song began in religion. The most famous passage of the poem not only illustrates the dark sadness, the fierce love of freedom and the power of painting distinct characters, which has always marked our poetry, but it is also famous for its likeness to a parallel passage in Milton. It is when Cædmon describes the proud and angry cry of satan against God from his bed of chains in hell. The two great English poets may be brought together over a space of 1,000 years in another way, for both died in such peace that those who watched beside them knew not when they died.

Architecture of the Future.

The Eiffel tower, built wholly of metal, is an example, and a good example, of a step in the direction which architects will be forced to follow in the future. The great railway stations, exhibition buildings and other structures of steel, concrete, paper and glass, which the needs and inventions of our day have called into existence, show which way flows the stream of tendency. The new building material has come to stay. In another century houses may not merely be built with steel girders; they may be made of metal frames bolted together and gripping walls of papier mache. Then the age of the tent will return. A man will buy his house from a manufacturer and will hire a site to set it upon. When he moves from one place to another, he will take his home with him. Building leases will die a natural death. Towns will wander about, and a great many curious results will arise.—Boston Transcript.

A Letter From Carlyle.

The following letter was written in 1866 by Thomas Carlyle to a doubting young lady who had sought advice:

DEAR YOUNG LADY—Your appeal to me is very touching, and I am heartily sorry for you if I could but help at all. Herein, as in many other cases, the "patient must minister to himself." Were your duties never so small, I advise you, set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them hour after hour, day after day, in spite of the devil's teeth. That is our one answer to all inward devils, as they used to be called. "This I can do, O devil, and I do it, thou seest, in the name of God." Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might" and all thy worth and constancy. Much more, if your duties are of evidently higher, wider scope; if you have brothers, sisters, a father, a mother, weigh earnestly what claim does lie upon you on behalf of each, and consider it as the one thing needful to pay them more and more honestly and nobly what you owe. What matter how miserable one is if one can do that?

—Westminster Gazette.

Sent About His Business.

Creditor—Your master promised to settle with me today.

Valet—Not if I know it. It's my turn first.—Kladderadatsch.

HUMOR

NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

And So the Man Who Left Buffalo Moved On.

"My dear man," he began as he stopped a policeman on the Campus Martius the midnight the other night, "I want to ask a great favor of you—a great favor."

"Well, sir?" was the curt reply.

"I left Buffalo for Chicago the other day. I have many reasons for believing that I have arrived in Chicago, but yet a perfidious doubt insists on entering my mind. Now, then, can you see your way clear to telling me whether I am in Chicago or not?"

"Of course you are not. You are in Detroit!"

"In Detroit? That is a town about half way between Buffalo and Chicago, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes called the City of Straits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Because it is a town of straight people?"

"What do you want?" queried the officer, leaving the question to take care of itself.

"Queer—very queer! I start from Buffalo for Chicago, and I find myself in Detroit. I walk around town for three hours hunting for my friend Doboy of the police force, and, not finding him, a perfidious doubt begins to develop itself. I approach you and ask for information, and I find that Chicago and Doboy are still 280 miles farther toward the setting sun. I can't make it out. Can you?"

"No, sir!" stiffly replied the officer.

"Would you call it a case of absent-mindedness?"

"It might be that."

"Or could I have suddenly lost my identity? People do suddenly lose their identity, you know."

"I expect they do."

"Hold! Could I have been in that condition known as inebriated?" anxiously asked the stranger.

"Very likely!" grimly replied the officer. "Is that all you want to know?"

"About all. Stay a moment, however. I spoke of Doboy. He has implicit confidence in me. Should I ask him for a dime with which to'"——

"Move on, sir!" interrupted the officer.

"Toward Chicago?"

"Yes, sir, move on!"

"Move on toward Chicago because of Doboy and that dime?"

"Exactly! Move on, or I'll run you in!"

"Very well. I move. I move toward Chicago. I decrease the distance between myself and Doboy. When I finally reach him I shall murmur: "Doboy, old man, beware of Detroit, the city of the crooked! Beware of a big, overgrown, hard hearted, avaricious, wabbled kneed, red eyed"——

The officer rushed for him, but his club only beat against a soft, damp shadow of the night.—Detroit Free Press.

An Adult.

A man went into a restaurant the other day and took a seat on a stool. He looked at the bill of fare a minute and then beckoned to the waiter. "Hay," he said, "gimme some veal."

"What's that, sir?" asked the waiter as he brushed a lot of crumbs into the man's lap and handed him a glass of water in which his thumb was immersed beyond the first joint.

"Gimme some veal."

"Veal?"

"Yes, veal."

The waiter wandered off to the kitchen and held an animated conversation with the cook. Pretty soon he came back and put a plate of dark red meat in front of the customer and began to pay close attention to the electric fan.

The customer turned the meat over curiously with his fork. He inspected it on both sides. Then he said, "Hay, waiter, come here!"

The waiter walked over and leaned on the counter.

"I asked for veal," said the customer inquiringly.

"Yes."

"This hain't veal. It's roast beef."

"Roast beef?" repeated the waiter in great astonishment.

"Yes, roast beef."

The waiter turned to walk away. "Well," he said, "what's roast beef but veal in its second childhood? You gimme a pain."—Buffalo Express.

A Professional.

Kitty—Just think, Will Lover has been engaged five times this year!

Tom—If he doesn't look out, he'll lose his amateur standing.—Brooklyn Life.

None at All.

The Poet—You see, I don't want it known that I am a poet.

She—But that is no reason why you shouldn't sign your name to it.—Life.

Just the Thing.

Rimester—I don't seem to understand this poem I have just finished myself.

Reeder—Send it to the magazines.—Truth.

STAGE GLINTS.

Josie Haines will play the part of a tough girl in "On the Bowery."

George Monroe will shelve "My Aunt Bridget" next season and try fortune with a new piece on the same lines.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare was bought by Mr. Natalli at a sale in London recently for £435, or $2,175.

Thomas W. Keene will next season have a practically new company. His tour will be under the management of Edwin Arden.

Marlo and Dunham, the well known triple horizontal bar performers, are soon to separate. Dunham intends to join the Jordan family of acrobats.

James J. Corbett and the members of his company have organized a baseball club that is defeating nines all through the English provinces. Corbett is the shortstop.

Miss Linda da Costa has been engaged as prima donna of the company which C. B. Jefferson and Klaw & Erlanger are organizing to present Palmer Cox's "Brownies."

Mme. Emma Juch will emerge from her private life as Mrs. Wellman at the Worcester musical festival on Sept. 27 and 28. She will sing as leading prima donna at both the concerts in an oratorio.

Mme. Julie L. Wyman, the mezzo soprano, is to return to this country in the autumn. Mrs. Wyman has been singing in France and was heard there in "Samson et Delila," Saint-Saen's opera.

F. N. Innes, the bandmaster, has just completed "a descriptive spectacle," giving a musical history of the civil war, which he proposes to present during the tour he will begin with his band on Aug. 14.

One successful play very often makes the fortune of its author. William Haworth was a struggling actor until "The Ensign" was produced. He tried for two years to dispose of it, but nearly everybody thought the big man-of-war scenes could not be handled effectively on the stage.

TURF TOPICS.

The life of a nervous, high strung racer means abstinence, hard exercise and the cold grueling of steel and catgut.

The carriage horse is to the racer what the alderman is to the athlete. Both may be pure blooded, but the one is a Sybarite and the other a Spartan.

At Jerseyville, Ills., July 10 the yearling colt Jasper furnished a sensation by pacing a second heat, half mile, in 1:14½.

Almost every race horse has vices more or less troublesome which may effect the result of a race and which must be constantly guarded against.

Horse Haven, as the training grounds at Saratoga are called, has been laid out in four avenues, the names of which are Lamplighter, Bourke Cockran, Trouble and Okolona.

A banner with a denunciation of racing carried on to the course at Ascot by Salvationists was torn to rags and trampled under foot, and some of its supporters were badly treated.

Dolma-Bagtche, the colt that beat Matchbox for the grand prize of Paris, lost his dam when he was very young and had to be reared on jenny's milk, which is very nutritious and easily digested.

A French speculator took a bet of $30,000 to $60 that he could not name the winners of the French Oaks, French Derby, Grand Steeplechase and Grand Prix. He named the four and landed the money.—Horseman.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Hindoos are passionately fond of horse racing, and a race will practically close all business.

The ancients entertained the idea that the dew was distilled upon the earth by the moon and stars.

In the sixteenth century no lady was considered in full dress unless she wore a small oval mirror on her breast.

In Sydney it is the fashion to keep the bodies of the dead till Sunday in order to insure a large attendance at the funeral.

In the year 1261 a tithe was laid upon all whales' tongues brought into Bayonne, they being at that time highly esteemed as food.

In Persia the women of fashion paint black circles around each eye and ornament the cheeks with figures of various small animals, bugs, etc.

At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning hue. The coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses and the livery of the driver must be scarlet.

NOVELTIES.

An almond dish patterned after an oyster shell and lined with gold and a spoon whose handle resembles a twig of coral are fashionable table utensils.

Miniature tusks of ivory bound with bands of gold and caught in the center by a slender gold chain form the latest design in link cuff buttons, and a pretty one it is.

The duchess silk girdle, mounted with a hand painted medallion of Psyche on a buckle of silver filigree work, has come forth as an aspirant for summer wear.

The old adage, "Raining pitchforks," has furnished an appropriate design for the decoration of an umbrella handle. In silver deposits are depicted falling pitchforks placed alternately with raindrops along the handle.

One of the daintiest of ladies' chatelaine watches is completely incrusted with white daisies in enamel. The stem is a daisy, and a large daisy covers the center of the dial on the background of blue. The numerals are in etched gold.

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A TRUTHFUL LOVER.

"What would you," said a sweetheart once,
"With this engagement ring,
Should I discover me a dunce
To wed you in the spring?"

Her lover answered frantically,
"That jewel I would fling
Into the bottom of the sea
And find some other thing."

"Then," she cried, "list my reply."
Said he, "You clipped its wing!"
But, no; upon the beach to die
She left him—and the ring.

He did not die. His sense restored
(Instead of sorrowing),
He strung the ring (to keep his word),
And seaward let it swing.

And now upon his mother's fist,
The while my lay I sing,
Reflect the joys he fain hath missed
In that engagement ring.
—Robert P. Woodward in Brooklyn Eagle.

A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods a young man, his clothing drenched and mud stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death. No wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother goodby only two short months before? It seemed like a faraway dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. Last night at dusk groups of stern looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the sheriff's son, while the sheriff himself remained to make sure that mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if possible. Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well traveled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a minute, too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near. Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? and then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the doorpost.

"If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale and clear cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and, she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump on which the lamplight shone and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's sake."

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around, with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee, and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it is too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you risk it—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a lifelong remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood at the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death, mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated; then, opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs, relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evildoers and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in!"

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trapdoor. At his entrance she opened it and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously and said, with hurried kindness: "There is an old bed down there. Look while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you, but you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly up stairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trapdoor and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly and stood with clasped hands and pale face praying silently; but, oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing down stairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you'll catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the outbuildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trapdoor and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl, "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat, and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watchdog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Goodby, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee," showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner: "And may he bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little. Her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was about half done when lanterns gleamed ahead and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob!" was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down under your seat till they pass!" then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner: "Oh, it is the sheriff! Thank heaven!"

The sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the sheriff was hailing them and as much surprised as delighted to find the prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm handclasps and congratulations he received none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said, blushing. "I know we were not overpolite to you, mother and I, but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride.—Ada E. Ferris in Overland Monthly.

English Lawyers' Smart Speeches.

Of wit or humor Scarlett had little or none. He was not the man to invent on the spur of the moment a telling nickname for his client, as Erskine did for a client named Bolt, whose character having been traduced by the other side, Erskine confidently assured the jury that he was known among his neighbors as "Bolt Upright." Nor could Scarlett tickle the fancy of judge and jury by such a flash of wit as that with which he opened a certain coach accident case. "Gentlemen of the jury, my client is a respectable Liverpool merchant, and the defendant, Mr. Wilson, keeps The Swan With Two Necks in Lad lane, a sign seemingly emblematic of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his coaches." Nor would it have occurred to Scarlett to tell a jury that the plaintiff, the owner of a wild beast show, claiming damages for the loss of a trunk, "ought to have followed the example of his own sagacious elephant and traveled with his trunk before him."—Temple Bar.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it—the experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the two fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple, and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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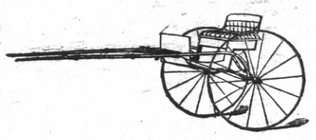

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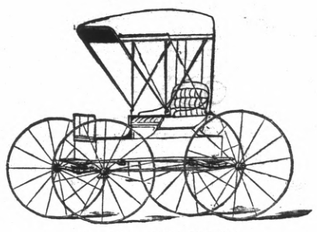

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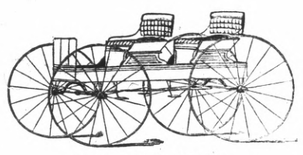

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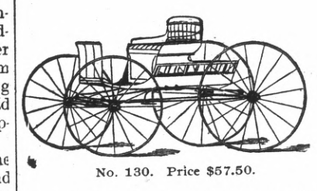

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A.M. 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:30 P.M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:25 P.M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park—Same schedule as above.

Special Saturday to Monday Train Service.

SATURDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:10 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:45 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:00 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:38 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 6:45 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 10:40 A.M.
MONDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 5 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 8:50 A.M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sun-Days.	In Effect April 15, '94. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sun-Days.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 am	8 00 am	Novato	10.40 am	8.50 am
3.30 pm	9.30 am	Petaluma	6.05 pm	10.30 am
5.10 pm	5.00 pm	Santa Rosa	7.30 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Fulton Windsor Healdsburg Geyserville Cloverdale Pieta Hopland Ukiah	7.30 pm	10.30 am
3.30 pm				6 15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Guerneville	7.30 pm	10.30 am
3.30 pm				6.15 m
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sonoma	10.40 am	8.50 am
5.10 pm	5 00 pm	Glen Ellen	6.05 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sebastopol	10.40 am	10.30 am
3.30 pm	5.00 pm		6.05 pm	6.15 pm

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Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Cahto, Willetts, Calpella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Blocksburg, Bridgeville, Hydesville and Eureka.
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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT
SAN FRANCISCO.

Leave—From May 5, 1894.	Arrive
7:00A Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6:45A
7:00A Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6:15P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville.	4:15P
9:00A New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5:45P
9:00A Martinez and Stockton	10:45A
*9:00A Peters and Milton	*7:15P
12:30P Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45A
*1:00P Sacramento River Steamers	*9:00P
4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15A
4:30P Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	7:15P
4:30P Raymond (for Yosemite)	10:45A
5:00P Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:45A
5:00P Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10:45A
6:00P European Mail, Ogden and East	9:45A
6:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
‡7:00P Vallejo	† 45P
7:00P Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7:45A Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8:05P
8:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6:20P
*2:45P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*11:50A
4:45P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.).

*6:45A San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1:45P
‡7:30A San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	‡8:33
8:15A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6:26P
‡9:?8P Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡11:45P
10:10A San Jose and Way Stations	5:06P
12:01P Palo Alto and Way Stations	3:30P
*2:20P San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P San Jose and Principal Way Stat's	9:47A
*4:25P Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8:06A
5:10P San Jose and Way Stations	*8:48A
6:30P Palo Alto and Way Stations	6:35A
†11:45P Palo Alto & Principal Way Stat's.	†7:26P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8:—
*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 11:00 A.M.
*12:30 ‡1:00 *2:00 3:00 } P.M.
*4:00 5:00 *6:00 }
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—
*6:00 *7:00 8:00 *9:00 10:00 *11:00 A.M.
‡12:00 M *12:30 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P.M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
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